

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

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THE AMERICAN BRAND OF DIPLOMACY

Col. Lafayette Young, editor of the Des Moines Capital, the leading republican newspaper of Iowa, recently visited the war zone, and returns home disgusted with war, and pleased with the way this country is keeping out of it. "Wilson is doing fine," said the colonel to an interviewer in Portland yesterday, "and he should have the undivided support of every loyal American. It is time to talk patriotism and not politics."

And this remark of Colonel Young's reminds us that American diplomacy is beginning to receive the recognition it deserves both at home and abroad. A year ago leading newspapers over in Europe discussed the difference between European diplomacy and American diplomacy, with the conclusion that Europe must eventually abandon the secret diplomacy through which the nations there were plunged into war. That meant that the open, honest, frank and fearless diplomacy of America is the best suited to avoid all misunderstandings and make for peace and friendly relations.

How well based was the conclusion is to be seen in the events of the last few days as there has come to worldwide attention the American diplomacy as carried on by the administration of Woodrow Wilson. It is important as a world lesson that America says what she means and means what she says, and says it in respectful but plain terms. The language doesn't need construing, for it is not that kind.

The lesson in diplomacy to the world is not without its lesson to the people here at home, to those whose allegiance is sworn here but whose sympathy is elsewhere to such an extent as to lead to grave error. The lesson is that the United States will not meddle with the affairs of other nations and will stand no meddling with its own affairs from without or within. Its affairs are the affairs of its citizenship.

CONTENT ELUDES US ALL

When one is born into the world naked, with no place provided in advance for shelter and no provision for food, it is only natural for such a person to become a reformer. He questions the right of the more fortunate to be born to downy cradles or frescoed ceilings. He is earnestly bent on an equal distribution of the good things of the more fortunate or the better born.

On the other hand, he who is born rich or attains to riches soon learns that all the gorgeous creatures in their fine houses and automobiles, silks and laces, diamonds and furs, are chasing in the same race with himself—after the unattainable. The real aristocracy, like the foot of the rainbow, vanishes as he approaches. He sees the gilded crowd. The gilded crowd sees the old families. The old families have in view the aristocracy of Europe, which permits mere wealth to enter, without becoming part of, its magic circle.

Be all this as it may, half the crime and most of the misery from which humanity suffers come from a social system that floats like an iceberg, with three-fourths of it under water. We call it the security of human rights and the culture of enterprise, when it is only the gospel of greed and vanity.

There are two phases of life unfavorable to peace and comfort—the one is adversity, the other prosperity.

It is hard to tell in which a man is the more offensive. When prosperous he patronizes; when evil trouble falls upon him he whines and is a horrible bore. When he is down his friends wish him up on their own account; when he is high up they sigh for mountains to fall on him and bury him out of sight.

And yet neither prosperity nor adversity have very much to do with true happiness.

Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to secure one necessity of the soul.

John D. will loan no money to the Allies. Probably he has taken a squirt at the securities and they are not as gilt-edged as U. S. gold bonds.

The governor of New York, in welcoming the convention of the American Health association to Rochester, made the statement that there were in York state last year fifty thousand needless deaths, the statement being based on the estimate of the committee on the conservation of human vitality. That is an average of a thousand needless deaths a week, in round numbers, in just one state alone. The figures give one something on which to venture a guess as to the extent to which preventable disease and carelessness resulting in death run their course among the great body of workers the country over. They are figures that should direct serious attention generally, as they do that of the American Public Health association, to the need of more caution and co-operation of the public with health workers. As one writer says, there could be no greater incentive to co-operation than the promise of more years of life.

After two days of oratory the land grant conference was taken into camp in a few minutes by Senator I. N. Day with a resolution to appoint a committee to confer with the railroad company. In fact, there never was a time, from the moment Congressman Pat McArthur arrived on the scene a day in advance of the meeting, that there was any doubt about the absolute control of the conference by the railroad. Their ownership of the land was not in a single instance questioned and their policy of handling it in the past was not criticised. It was a cut and dried affair with a lot of oratory directed to the gallery and two days wasted in order to give it the appearance of deliberation when the action taken might just as well have finished an hour after the conference met. It was one of the rankest burlesques ever pulled off in this state.

No wonder the contending armies make some awful blunders. All the war experts are editing newspapers.

Music appeals to almost everybody, even an editor. Here is a testimonial of appreciation from the La Grande Observer: "The increased number of freight trains on the O.-W. is the best of news. At night when the switch engines are groaning and the in and out freights are whistling, it seems as music to the people of La Grande—music that we have been used to and music that we love."

That land grant conference was a splendid training school for orators if nothing else. More hot air was expended in the "discussions" than ever before under the big capital dome in the same length of time—and that is going some. Too bad a majority of the congressmen were not present as they would most certainly have been convinced that the vexed problem is easy of settlement—in a hundred different ways.

Ambassadors from European countries to the United States ought to learn from experience to behave themselves while enjoying the hospitality of Uncle Sam. There were Sackville West, and DeLome, and others, and now Dumba.

A New Jersey minister at the age of ninety-five years gets a raise in his salary. His congregation evidently wants it understood that age and long and faithful service in the cause of the Lord doesn't go unhonored in Jersey.

Judging from the comments Ambassador Dumba has made upon the incident in which he is the central figure his name is flagrantly misspelled. The final "a" should be left off.



Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason

GAY SHIRTS

With stripes of yellow, blue and green, and pink and purple in between, the kind of shirts we're wearing now would jar the antlers from a cow. Who are the gay and giddy flirts who hand down fashions in men's shirts? Do they wear brains front side behind, or are they merely color blind? When I jog down the village street, I wear sane shoes upon my feet; my outer garments all are mild, by freaks of fashion undefiled; my lid's an unassuming one, its color brown, approaching dun. My rags don't shock the public eyes, I am no rainbow in disguise. But modest folks feel pained and hurt when they behold my screaming shirt. "Since when," they ask, "O ribald soul, have you become a barber's pole?" "Since my good frau went chasing down to study fashions in the town. She'd rather see me lying dead and planted where the daisies spread, than wearing garments out of date, and hence this shirt, whose hues I hate." With gaudy stripes and gorgeous bars, and purple dots and yellow stars, my shirt is cutting lots of grass, and mules are shying as they pass.

GO ON CROSS COUNTRY HIKE

Four Salem girls, the Misses Lulu and Doris Hughes and Ruth and Georgia Pettit, biked from one of S. H. Brown's evergreen berry patches, located on the Pudding river, to south Bottom, a distance of 15 miles in seven hours.

What makes the trip the more remarkable is that Georgia Pettit made the entire trip on crutches. Although the girls were somewhat foot sore they made the return trip the next day.

The young ladies are members of one

of the Salem Camp Fire Girls organizations. Besides picking berries they are on their summer vacation. After having an enjoyable summer, the young ladies will be home by the first of October.

After reading that some one has paid \$40 for the privilege of selling confetti at the Bridge carnival to be held at North Bend, October 8 and 9 Editor Young of the Oquille Sentinel says he has concluded not to go.

STATE NEWS

Albany Democrat: Hop pickers are returning from the Independence fields with discouraged reports. Live were vicious this year, causing a demand for a good deal of spraying, and the result was the picking has been decidedly dirty, making it impossible to make much of a showing for a day's work. Then the price has been small, 40 cents where usually 50 has generally prevailed. In some yards at Independence the hops will not be picked at all.

Albany Democrat: A recent visitor to Leland, 20 miles this side of Grants Pass, tells of the manner in which gold nuggets continue to be used there in trade, the same as in early days. It is considerable of a mining town, with a couple of stores. Often in the winter there will be more gold nuggets and dust than any other kind of exchange. The merchants have their scales handy as a part of their equipment.

The Hood River Glacier congratulates Pendleton: "The people of Pendleton are to be congratulated on their decision not to allow the Round-Up to be taken to San Francisco. The Round-Up has become a great annual event, unique because of the fact that it shows a type of American life at home. The Round-Up at San Francisco would not be the Round-Up of Pendleton, and because of this the unique show that has drawn the thousands to eastern Oregon each year would suffer."

Springfield News: Lewis Wallace, a young man residing at Jasper, killed a big bear on the Sage Hill place, right at Jasper, Sunday afternoon. The animal had been seen nearby early in the afternoon, and Wallace took out his dog to give it a little training. He dispatched the animal with the second shot. It was the first one he had killed and he was correspondingly elated.

Rogue River Courier: If you have never yet been at the business end of a light fly rod with six pounds of Rogue River steelhead sending electric thrills to you down a hundred yards of silk line, you have missed one of the joys of living. The river is now full of the beauties, and if you are happens to weigh about double the six pounds it will be a question whether you or the fish wins the battle. Some day Rogue river steelhead fishing will be noted around the world.

Medford Mail-Tribune: Hopes that the drizzle of Monday afternoon was the forerunner of heavy September rains that would put the ground in excellent shape for plowing were dispelled this morning by a bright sun and a sky as clear as Crater Lake.

Pendleton East Oregonian: Walter Gilliam, well-known Pearson creek resident, tagged two deer at once the other day, according to a story brought in by Deputy Game Warden Tomkin. He encountered a whole bunch of bucks in a clearing and shot two in succession. While he was dressing them a two-year-old buck stood and watched him, but he refused to shoot at it.

Port Oregon Tribune: It is reported here that 21 pounds of radium-bearing ore was taken out of a mine on Boulder Creek, 27 miles from Port Oregon, in the past few days. The report has caused a local sensation. It is said that in the form in which the radium is found, it is worth \$50 an ounce.

Almost Satisfied: "The weather man is making pretty good, but he should take his weather back, and warn it over."—Baker Herald.

The war expert of the Eugene Guard breaks his silence: "England started recently that she had captured within the past 60 days 54 German 'U' boats. Perhaps she did, but she evidently turned some of them loose."

Joseph Herald: "Uncle Bud" McAllister of La Grande, is here visiting his relatives—the Hemelbright Gilispie families. What Uncle Bud knows about the early history of these counties would make the most interesting "blood and thunder" novel you ever read.

Building report, in Sheridan Sun: "The brick work on the new city hall began the first of the week. This work has been finished on the school house and the roof is now being put on."

Colonel Lafayette Young Endorses Wilson's Policy

Portland, Ore., Sept. 18.—After spending four months with the German and French armies, in which time he lived in the trenches and came in personal contact with all the activities of war, Lafayette Young, editor and proprietor of the Des Moines Capital and former United States senator from Iowa, is in Portland today, with his son and daughter, on his way to see the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Young, who is a rock-ribbed republican, says this is no time to talk politics. He says it is a time to talk patriotism.

"There is too big a job on hand to talk politics," he said. "President Wilson has done fine, and he is entitled at this time to the undivided support of every loyal American."

"Every evil criticism of the president published in this country is reprinted in Germany to show that this country is going to pieces. They give a wrong interpretation to these criticisms."

"I favor peace and I also favor a pretty big army and pretty big navy. Above all, we should have our ammunition and supplies up to date. "I do not favor any double barreled citizenship."

DR. W. A. COX



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Russia Lacked Coal As Well As Ammunition

New York, Sept. 18.—That Russia has lacked coal as well as ammunition, and that this has contributed largely to her defeats was the opinion of Dr. H. C. Laineveher, of Washington, who arrived today from Archangel aboard the Russian-American liner Kurak. He indicated, however, that Russia is now piling up fresh munition supplies.

"The warehouses at Archangel," he said, "are filled with shells and boxes of ammunition from the allies. The streets are piled high."

He said he had found many evidences of discontent over the Russian defeats. Trainloads of this fuel, consigned to Grand Duke Nicholas before Warsaw, failed to arrive at a critical period. The same situation prevailed everywhere, he claimed.

DEATH OF FRANK COLEMAN

The community of St. Paul was shocked last Sunday morning when it was announced that Frank N. Coleman had died suddenly at about 9 o'clock. He was in town and was on his way home, incidentally catching a ride with L. G. Woodruff, when after riding about two blocks he suddenly dropped his head and gasped for breath. He was immediately taken to Dr. Edwards' office, who pronounced him dead when he arrived there.

The funeral was held at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning and was one of the largest held at St. Paul. Besides his devoted wife, he leaves a son, F. Roswell Coleman, and grandson, Robert Thomas Coleman, of this place, as well as four sisters—Mrs. C. O. Pelland and Mrs. William Murphy of St. Paul; Mrs. Frank Hammond of Juneau, Alaska, and Mrs. John Casey of Portland, Ore.

also leaves three brothers—Stephen and Charles of St. Paul and James, of Tur-

er. Frank N. Coleman was a native of the St. Paul section and was born April 6, 1868. He graduated from Mt. Angel college with high honors and was a member of the M. A. C. alumni. He belonged to the St. Paul court No. 1195, C. O. F.

Perhaps no man in the community enjoyed the universal respect and friendship of all who knew him as did Mr. Coleman. He was a hale fellow who was always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to anyone in distress or assist in every possible way any undertaking that assisted in the progress of the community.—Woodburn Independent.



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